

A Familiär E P I S T L E To the King of Hearts.

Since you resign'd your dear Commission
To shun an *Irish* Expedition
Tis plain enough to the Impartial
That you at bottom are not Martial;
Tho' stout in Peace as any *Swiss*
You prove a *Teague* where danger is:
Then leave your *Rendez-vous* and Huffing
At my Request, Dear gentle Ruffian,
And like your own *Heroick Sire*,
In *Womens* garb from War retire:
Riots and Eloquence give O're,
Run Popularly mad no more,
Nor live expos'd to publick sport,
Since nought remains for your Support,
But of a *Name*, the empty sound,
And Grants of Treasure yet unfound.
'Tis therefore time, good *Potentate*,
Your sinking Realm to Abdicate,
One Prince can n'er prevent its fall,
Therefore a *Pair* to Empire Call.
That trusty *Bob* and Portly Bride
Deserve a *Crown* can't be deny'd,
Two Souls so form'd they seem to be
Ordain'd to make *one* Majesty,
She to give Laws, and Plundering *Bob*
To lead abroad the Warlike Mob:
For such an *Host* the fittest *head*,
So brave, he'll pillage *ev'n* the dead,
Sometimes he'll march his dreadful Forces
To seize his noble *Friends* Coach Horses,
Sometimes he'll take by Storm the Cup
In which his Dear *Burnt-Wine* did sup;
Of old Apparel bilk an Heir,
Nor e'ne his *Fitch* of Bacon spare:
From these Adventures, great, and bold,
That he's more stout than wise some hold,
But Others, since a Lady fair
He took by Ambush for his Heir,
And with his lean unfeather'd Brood
Surpriz'd rich Cullies that ne'r woo'd,
Maintain that fortitude in him
Is quite outweigh'd by *Stratagem*:
But leaving this Dispute to others
Who love to make such needless Pothers,
So much we safely may Infer,
He's fit to be your Successor;
And makes a Speech to give him due,
As wisely to the full as you;
Outdoes you at a downright Lye,
And in that lofty Phrase said I
He oft maintains by Sophistry
Th' Establish't Church is Popery,
And can I doubt not prove as soon
That *Canterbury* too is *Rome*:
The name of King on him confer
But place the *Regency* in her,
For that's a *Right* which she'll maintain,
A manly *Dame* long us'd to Reign:
Besides her Face, and Royal Bounty
May charm the *Rulers* of your County,
Justices, Captains, Worshipps, Knights,
An awkward set of cross-grain'd-wights,
Above your other Subjects Bleft,
Yet errant Rabble as the Best:
What tho' they frankly bring *Freeholders*
To bear King *Bob* on joyful Shoulders,

With this Religious Loyal Cry
— Down with the Church and Liturgy;
Shou'd He once Reign, tho' lov'd so well,
Twenty to one they'd all rebell,
Or else by secret Plotting Faction,
And Riots, forfeit his Protection,
For no King ever pleas'd this crew
But that accomplish't Monarch you;
So nice and difficult they are
They scarce her Majesty will bear.
Therefore to win their minds She must
Advance them all to Place or Trust;
They'l ne'r contract her Empire's Border
By Acting in due Form and Order,
Since they you know have seldom leisure
From Pagan Statutes to take measure:
For why shou'd Saints regard those Acts
Who can by their own Warrants Tax?
Why may not such their Foes Imprison
For very little or no Reason,
And seize their Disaffected Horses,
Tho' Laws forsooth! forbid such courses?
Those Cobwebs may th' Ungodly fetter,
But as to them th' are all dead Letter.
Of this Elect thrice worthy Crew
I'll humbly recommend a few
Who Act with resolute Design
To leave no Government but Thine.
First let her raise the *Ass* and *Widgeon*
That were of late in Civil Dudgeon,
Or (if those Names will none describe,
As being Common to the Tribe)
The Parties to this Dismal Fight
Were, as of Old, a *Squire* and *Knight*:
The *Squire* receiv'd the Provocation,
For, in the General Taxation,
The Peevish Knight refus'd to spare
His Daughter and his hopeful Heir:
On this Just Ground the *Squire* Engag'd,
Such War was ne'r at *Wapping* wag'd.
Whole *Volley*s of hard words and flanders
Went off to th' dread of all By-standers:
At length Sir *Knight*, having let fly
Great store of that *Artillery*.
Propos'd (which in a Saint was Cruel)
That antichristian thing, a Duel,
But that the *Squire* wav'd, being skill'd,
No Weapon but his Tongue to wield,
And wisely knowing his Grave Person
To Swords has natural Aversion:
Therefore I hope the War does Cease;
If not, with Bridles Seal their Peace;
And let the *Queen* this Pair create
The Secretaries of her state:
For tho' they, as you see, are valiant,
Yet Writing is their chiefest Talent;
The Pen of either, take my word
Is far more dreadful then his Sword:
With that Each Neighb'ring Foe the Ruin,
And are grown Expert at Undoing:
Right many a Warrant they have sent,
Yet nere consulted Precedent:
Under their hands and seals some came,
Sin'd for Dispatch but by *One* Name:
Some at all times their Force maintain,
With *One* of these they twice distrein,

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Which, tho' in *Sixty be the Date*
Is full as good, and does the Feat,
And may as well, if still preserv'd,
In Ages yet to come be serv'd.

Next give great *Orsin*, firm and loyal,
Th' important Post of *Bearward Royal* :
By Raising Him the Queen will gain
Th' Affections of his Num'rous Train,
Butchers, Crowderos, Colliers, Tinkers,
His old Comrades, and fellow Drinkers :
'Bove all, his Brothers of the Session,
And dear Confed'rates in Oppression,
More Train'd and Manag'd than his *Bear*,
And Useful both in Peace and War :
Whether he bends his Pious Labours
Of sinful Coin to ease his Neighbours ;
Or *Storms a School* with Numbers great ;
In every such Advent'rous feat
These Worthies lead the Martial Herd,
Subjects too mean to be preferr'd :
Yet some I'll name, who are the best
Whence Men may estimate the rest.

The *Regicide's* Kinsman, like himself
Heir of his Principles and pelf,
Equal in Duty to his Prince,
In Faith, in every thing but sense.

The next from just such Lineage came,
He shares your Virtues, as your Name ;
The interrupter of vain Teaching,
Who sends *Ment to the Jail for Preaching*.

The *Monkey* that Condemn'd his Sire
To Work in Sooty Mines for Hire ;
This *Knight* to cant, and whine Right able
Frequents an *Apostolick Stable* ;
Foreman of those who did *Present*
Men that disown your Government,
And the Succeeding Queen Oppose
To Mob and Anarchy known Foes
All these Obnoxious he has render'd
For their refusing *Oaths* ne'r tender'd.

This done a Royal Witnels choose
These dangerous *Rebells* to accuse ;
To this high Post, you may Advance well
The sneaking *Knight* that *hates a Chancell*,
Well furnisht for an Evidence
With Morals Brow and Eloquence ;
The *Senatours* with Hearts half breaking
Oft hear this empty *Bagpipe* squeaking,
Have for their Honours some Compassion
And give him now this fitter Station :
The Queen will find when call'd to Rule,
This *Knight* a necessary Tool,
For whatsoe'r he says one day,
The next if need be, he'll unsay
And whether Men Conspire or not
He can find out or make a Plot
(And Plots are often useful things
Either for *Male* or *Female* Kings :)
Yet you or *Oates* the Wight should teach
Some choicer Methods to Impeach.
For that unlucky Accusation
He lately made in Face o' th Nation,
Much Honour to the *Person* brought,
Whose Ruin this Informer sought :
Improve him with some wise Instruction,
And let his *Calling* be *Destruction*.

Next; that these *Rebels* may be try'd,
For *Mobland's* *Queen* a *Judge* provide :
The *Pettifogger* of your stem
Deserves this Place, for he'll Condemn

Whether they Guilty are, or No,
If she but please to have 'em so :
A mighty Soul in little Frame,
The Pride and Glory of his Name,
With Native Loyalty indu'd,
Wit, Eloquence, and Fortitude :
A rigid, stanch Commissioner,
Ne'r known an Enemy to spare,
And that I hope may make amends;
For his Compassion to his *Friends* ;
For loyal Saints in Conventicle
Need pay the Government but little,
When so much Weight in ev'ry Tax
Is laid on Church-men's Carnal Backs.

Lastly, an expert *Hangman* name,
This Post your *Alderman* will claim ;
For he is of the Savage Brood
Of Zealots that delight in Blood,
And therefore that poor *Teagues* he starv'd,
And for himself their Pay reserv'd,
Or that Portmanteau he did plunder
Of a surrend'rer, was no wonder ;
For Wealth *the Sinew is of War*,
And he was then an Officer,
Methinks I hear his Martial Words
— *Zeens bend your Muskets* and your Swords.
Against one Foe, with friendly care,
He urg'd a Witness to forswear,
And doom'd the squeamish Clown to Prison
Because he boggled at High-Treason :
For he good Man is not so nice
To reckon Perjury a vice ;
As by his Evidence was shown
Against the *Members* for his Town,
For tho' his Memory was weak,
He vouch't what any Man cou'd speak :
Pity their Suit should be deni'd
For whom so heartily he ly'd ;
They're fit to represent your Friends,
And match the *Knights* your County sends ;
Pray Comfort 'em in their Disaster,
And make the *First* the *Queens* Postmaster ;
For he, in hopes of some new Pension,
To Gospel Tillage Farms his Mansion,
Still troubled with an Itch of getting
By that true Saint-like Art call'd *Cheating*.

His Brother-Candidate shou'd gain
Some Place in this Fair *Sovereigns* Reign ;
Since he's on Oath, exceeding Poor
Two Hundred Pounds are all his store,
For who can think the *Saint* forswore ?
Him, and the Remnant of the Party,
I wou'd to recommend be hearty.
But I must needs acknowledge it
I know no *Posts* for which they're fit :
However, shou'd they fail of Places ;
I hope they'll have the *Queen's* good Graces
Particularly 'twill avail her
To cherish *Thomas* the *Horse stealer* ;
(Whose *Major* ought to be displac't
For being to plunder too strait-lac't.)

By working with such Tools as these
The *Queen* will much her People please ;
For Rabble love, that Men shou'd rise
Whose Heads are made of their own size :
Such best can manage their Affairs
Whose Conscience is the same with theirs,
The same Religion, Knowledge, Reading,
Good-Nature, Modesty, and Breeding.

F I N I S.

